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Edith Barbara Tranter :
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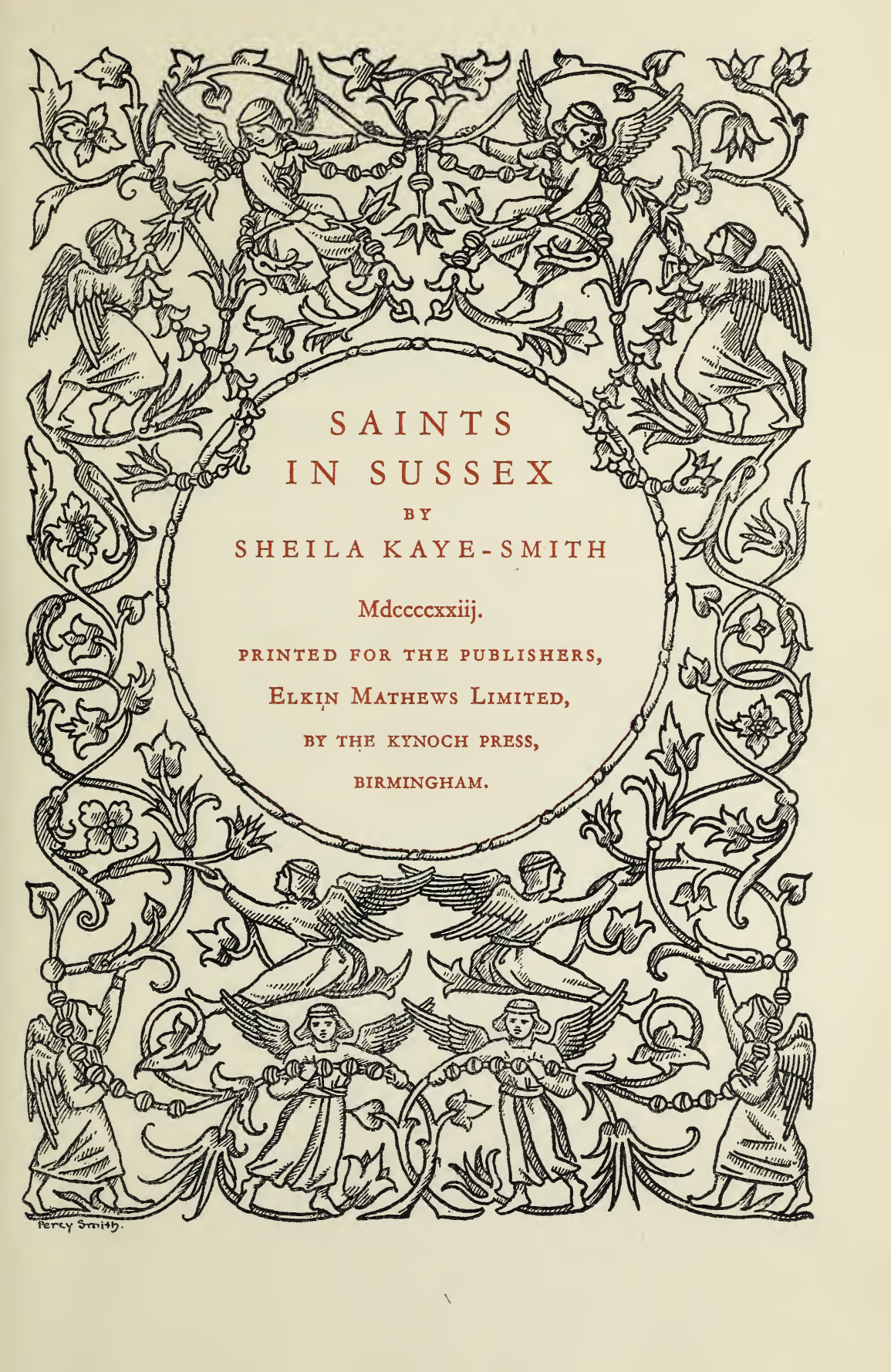
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Sheila Kaye-Smith.

SAINTS IN SUSSEX



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SAINTS
IN SUSSEX
BY
SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

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THE CALENDAR

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ST. ANDREW

The Men of Sussex crying after him

ANDREW, what of the North?
In November shadows drear
We have heard thee marching forth
With songs of a glad new year.
Thou goest to mountains high,
To Pi&ts in a Northern fen—
But, Andrew, tarry and hear the cry
Of the little Southern Men.

Down by the seas of Gaul,
Where the Roman eagles stand,
Anderida they call
Our shaggy forest land.
We have no saving health,
To us no Word comes forth,
On us the gods bestow no wealth—
Yet Andrew goes to the North.

Oh, stay and give us grace,
For our hearts are grey with dule,
As each man lifts his face
In the dreadful days of Yule,
When the burning Wheel stands still
In the black and dropping skies,
And the Long Man screams upon the hill
With the human sacrifice.

Andrew, what of the North?
 Our Druids tell sad tales,
 Our arms have lost their worth
 In the scrubby hills of Wales;
 But thy mighty banners go
 Forward and pass us by,
 As the Northern streamers fly and flow
 On the red wings of the sky.

We hear strange tales of thee—
 We hear thou preacheſt ſtill
 A Man more fair than Bald, a Tree
 More tall than Ygdrasyl,
 A Bread more ſtrong than meat,
 Water more fierce than wine—
 Than the mead which drunken gods find ſweet
 In the halls where Heroes dine . . .

To the little Southern Men
 Saint Andrew answered he:
 “I have heard from the Northern fen
 Your moan from the Gaulish ſea;
 And though I paſs you by,
 And may not ſee your face,
 Yet my Lord hath heard your cry,
 And He ſends you hope of grace.

“Three ſaints ſhall teach the land
 That lies by the Southern ſea;
 Three ſaints on your ſhores ſhall ſtand—
 A thrice-noble company.

The Word that heals and saves,
Which to the Scots I send,
Wilfred shall teach by the waves
That beat on Manhood's End.

“On Havant's drawling tide,
Which round the island swells,
The solemn ships shall glide
To the chime of Richard's bells :
On Mayfield's hills the iron
Of Dunstan's anvil rings
As he hammers gates for Zion
And fights Unholy Things.

“So faint not—all is well,
And the price of hope is paid
By the Lord Who hath harrowed hell,
And hath made the gods afraid.
Eternity keeps the hours
Till the Sussex Saints go forth—
Wilfred and Richard and Dunstan are yours,
But Andrew goes to the North.”

ST. PHILIP & ST. JAMES TO
ST. SIMON & ST. JUDE

S AID the May Day Saints to the Grey Day Saints,
Singing across the year :
How is it with you in October ?
With us the meadows are green,
And the grass is warm with the sun,
And strown with the golden pence
Of the coltsfoot, our offertory.
The tapers are lit for our feast—
Tall tapers are lit for our feast
In the drooping horse-chestnut boughs ;
And the thrushes serve our Mass
There in the white thorn hedge,
Where the bloom is breaking against
A smudgy, sweet, grey sky
That shall give us holy water
Oh, tell us, October Saints,
How you fare at the end of the year.
Are you cold in the draught of the year ?—
On the edge of the fog of All Saints
And the gloom of the Holy Souls ?

Said the Grey Day Saints to the May Day Saints,
Singing across the year :
How is it with you in the Spring ?
The leaves in the wood are red,

And the frightened trees are a-shake
 Down by the moaning brook.
 The birds sweep the sky with desperate wings of escape.
 There is none to serve our Mass,
 And the high wind is our Priest.
 No censer swings for us
 From the lime-tree's blossomed boughs ;
 Yet have we joy of our feast,
 For we know that the Child is near—
 The Child Who is born in December,
 In the frozen December stillness.
 Round Him the year shall wake,
 And climb up the Spring into May,
 To the feast of Philip and James.
 The tapers of Christ's own Mass
 Shall rekindle the fading sun,
 And Mary shall lift her Babe
 To the horn of the wintry moon,
 And ride Him into a Happy New Year.

ST. PETER & ST. PAUL

The Gate of Lewes

ST. PETER sits on Caburn Hill,
St. Paul sits high on Beacon Down,
And there, each side of Wakeland's Mill,
They guard the way to Lewes Town :
They hold the Sword and Keys in state—
Our bands are loosed, our sins forgiven—
They sit there guarding Lewes Gate
As they would guard the Gate of Heaven.

*For Lewes Town like Heaven is,
And Heaven is like Lewes Town.*

The golden streets go up the hill,
In sunshine dreaming, warm and still ;
Ouse river through the vale below
Like Sion's Stream of Life doth flow,
And many fruits our fruit-trees bear—
Plum, cherry, apple, quince, and pear—
And in our streets the live-long day
The girls and boys are at their play.
When evening falls the church bells ring,
And faithful voices pray and sing ;
When morning comes the faithful feet
Tread to the altar-paces sweet.
The Lamb is with us day and night,
So, like high Heaven's, our streets are bright.

The Lamb is with us night and day,
So two Apostles guard the way
'Twixt Caburn Hill and Beacon Down,
The way that leads to Lewes Town.

*For Lewes Town like Heaven is,
And Heaven is like Lewes Town.*

Oh, great St. Peter, hear our cry
From your high sunset seat on Firle,
Promise by Him you did deny
That our dear city's gates of pearl
Shall not be forced by any foe;
Nor any soul that mongers sin,
Or in defilement loves to go,
Or makes a lie, shall enter in.

Oh, great St. Paul on Mount Caburn,
Promise by Him you sought to slay
That your fierce, fiery sword shall turn
Both east and west and every way
To guard the sunrise road that swings
Past Glynde and Wick and Stonery,
Because it is the road of kings,
Who bring their glory from the sea.

They bring their glory to our feast,
As to the New Jerusalem;
They are the Wise Kings of the East,
Who journeyed once to Bethlehem;

And through our streets they'll ride in state,
From Brooks to Priory, up and down,
And praise the Saints who guard our Gate—
The holy Gate of Lewes Town.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE

MARY MAGDALENE has looked out of her window,
High in her cottage at Horeham Road ;
From her high window has Mary looked down,
And seen all the doings and sights of the town :
The boys look up as they pass her abode—
The boys look up, but the girls look down.

Mary Magdalene has caught sight of the Preacher—
The Preacher Who's come from the town in the west ;
She hears Him preaching out there on the Green :
His words have troubled her heart—she has seen
His face, and the sobs are all thick in her breast,
And her tears are the saltest that ever were seen.

From Horeham Road to Boreham Street
And High Horse Bridge where the waters meet—
East or west, was there ever seen
Such a preaching, such a teaching for Mary Magdalene ?

A boy calls up to her there at the window :
“Come down, my sweet, for the night is here,
And the stars are dim in the mists above,
And the darkening field is the place for love—
Come down, my lovely, come down, my dear,
And show me beauty and give me love.”

But Mary Magdalene still stands at the window,
And the dusk is white on her tear-stained face,
For the Preacher has broken her heart, and it turns
To the Word that freezes, the Word that burns,
The Word that is Flesh in the market-place,
Where the Preacher's voice through the silence burns.

From Horeham Road to Boreham Street
And High Horse Bridge where the waters meet—
East or west, was there ever seen
Such a turning, such a burning for Mary Magdalene?

Mary Magdalene has gone down to the Preacher—
The strange Young Man from the western town:
With silk she is shining, with scent she is sweet,
Her eyes are like water, like flowers are her feet,
And when she has come to the Green she falls down
Before the Young Preacher and kisses His feet.

She kisses His feet and she cries out for pardon,
With tears and with kisses His feet are all wet;
The boys are all staring and no word is said,
For she wipes His wet feet with the hair of her head—
Her lovely brown hair that no boy can forget,
It is like a brown beech-wood, the hair of her head.

From Horeham Road to Boreham Street
And High Horse Bridge where the waters meet—
East or west, was there ever seen
Such a sighing, such a crying for Mary Magdalene?

And the Preacher has stooped, and has blessed her and raised her,
 And the boys are all laughing to see them stand so :
 “Ah, lovely, and have you forgotten so soon
 The ways of a woman, the ways of the moon,
 And all the gay gallants with whom you would go
 And show them the madness that’s under the moon?”

The Preacher has brought Magdalene to His mother,
 And His mother has given her a white gown to wear,
 And they’ve sat down to supper together all three,
 And the boys stand outside in the street and agree
 That the joke’s gone too far—“Come out, Mary, my dear,
 For you and these strangers will never agree.”

But Mary Magdalene has looked out of the window—
 She stands in the window all white and alone—
 “I will never return while the stars are above
 To the ways that were far from the true ways of love.
 Oh, many a lover poor Mary has known,
 But never till now has she learned to know love.”

From Horeham Road to Boreham Street
 And High Horse Bridge where the waters meet—
 East or west, was there ever seen
 Such a story, such a glory for Mary Magdalene?

ST. MATTHEW

MATTHEW the Publican sits at the gate of September,
Counting the gold of the passing and vanishing year—
The gold that the Summer must pay with her tears and sighings—
The gold of the falling leaves.

The Lord goes by and, turning, says unto Matthew:
“Follow Me—follow Me down the long months into Winter,
“Follow Me—follow Me down through the fogs of November,
“When the coin of the year is spent and the trees are beggared,
“With never a golden leaf to drop at the gate—
“Follow Me.”

Matthew the Publican rises to follow his Lord;
But first he will make a feast at the gate of September—
He will make a feast for the sinners and Saints of the year.
The way is long and the Autumn paths are dreary,
So before he treads the dark road into the rain
He makes a great golden feast, the last feast of Summer,
And he throws his golden treasury over the fields.
The dying, fluttering, shimmering leaves of September,
The last of the daisies and coltsfoot and dandelions,
Are Matthew the Publican's treasure, his gold and silver,
Which he throws at his Master's feet, the feet he must follow
Down, down the Autumn, into the fogs—
To the end of the year.

THE ASCENSION DAY

SO THOU hast left us and our meadows,
Lord, Who hast blessed us and our meadows—
Lord of the sorrel-hearted hay,
Lord of the pollened flowers of May.
From our fields Thou hast ascended,
Passing into the anthered light
Beyond the sun, by the winds attended—
And the Sussex fields are white
With daisies, and the diadem
Of the hawthorn crowns the hedge,
And at the blue pond's reedy edge,
Like a brodered, silken hem
The yellow irises are blown.
Lord, Thou art gone, and gone alone.

Doſt Thou think of us and our meadows,
Lord, Who hast left us and our meadows?
In shining pastures of the sky
Thou walkeſt, Lord, ascended high.
The ſtars are flowers about Thy feet,
And looking up to Thee we ſee
The River flowing ſilently—
The Milky River, broad and ſweet
As Rother River here below,
While planets the dim marſhes ſtrow,
And conſtellations flower and fade. . . .
O Lord, Thou haſt Thy country there,
The fields and meadows of the ſky,

The fields and meadows ever fair,
 The dear, divine, undying glade.
 At night we too walk in Thy meadows,
 We walk beside Thee in Thy meadows.
 At midnight I may hear Thy call,
 And ride to Thee on the moon's light—
 To where the living waters fall,
 And the unfading fields are bright.
 The stars are flowers about our feet,
 And at my side Thou art the sweet
 Perfumed, eternal Breath of May. . . .

With a sob the pale-eyed day
 Wakens at the Rother's mouth,
 And back to earthly fields I go,
 And back to earthly toil, and slow
 Hot days of the slow, drawling South,
 Toiling to keep the fields alive,
 For our poor meadows cannot thrive
 On just the memory of Thy feet,
 Which trod them once and found them sweet.
 Our tears, our sweat, must give them life,
 For Thou, our Lord, hast gone on high
 To golden countries of the sky,
 To golden fields of golden stars,
 Beyond the echo of our strife. . . .
 Yet there, upon the shining hill,
 Thou dreamest of our meadows still,
 And, Lord, we have Thy promise plain
 That Thou wilt walk in them again.

PENTECOST

Veni Creator

DEAR HEART of the Eternal Rose—
O many-coloured Heart of Fire—
That in our Lord's green garden grows,
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.

Sweet Honey of the heavenly flowers,
Distilled from the white lily's heart,
Drip on these thirsty lips of ours—
Thou the anointing Spirit art.

O Wind, down heaven's long lanes ablow,
Warm, perfume-laden Breath of Love,
O Sweetness, on our hearts bestow
Thy blessed unction from above.

O Sun, in the mild skies ashine,
O Moon, bewitching all the night,
These dark and groping ways of mine
Enable with perpetual light.

Dear Absolution of the Sun,
Dear Quickener of the meadow's grace,
When the day's course of toil is run,
Anoint and cheer our soiled face.

When evening falls and darkness creeps,
And the long starry hours have come,

And all the world is tired, and sleeps,
Keep far our foes, give peace at home.

O Sun, O Wind, O Flower, O Fire! . . .
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire!

CORPUS CHRISTI

NOW Thou hast come to the end of Thy pilgrimage, Lord;
Thy lamp glows red like a star at the dim lane's turning:
The bread and the wine of Thy supper are set in the shadows,
And the gleam of Thy cottage calls toilers and wanderers home.

In the feathery green of the hedges the chervil is blooming—
Petals and wafers of scent, like the Host in a dream
The night wind is singing the Mass of Thy living and dying,
O Pilgrim of Love, Who at last hast come to Thy shrine.

Thou art at peace. At Thy journey's end Thou sittest,
Thy cheek on Thy folded hands, before Thee the bread and wine,
While far down the sky the yellow moon dips to her dying,
And the big stars hang like lamps in the fading west.

Lord of the journey's end, if I too should stumble
At last to the long lane's turning, there may I see
The beckon and gleam of the lamp that is hung in Thy cottage,
Calling me home to my supper, my friends, and sleep.

The Saints sup with Thee, there in the dusk and lamplight—
Mary and Joseph and Peter and all my friends—
With faces propped on their tired and toil-worn fingers,
And kind eyes full of the peace of the journey's end.

To that feast of the Saints in Light, dear Lord, please bring me,
Wash my dusty feet as on Maundy long ago;
At the end of the day let me find my Lord at supper,
And forget my toils with Him in the Breaking of Bread.

THE CONCEPTION

B. V. M.

Anna's Voice :

DOWN by the rushes I paused and bent—
I bent with a sudden lovely pang of joy,
And I knew that my hope was true. . . .
Lord God of our fathers, if Thou send me a son
He shall be bred in Thy fear,
But if Thou send me a daughter
She shall be bred in Thy love.
Lord, I pray Thee, send me a girl.

LADY DAY IN HARVEST

A LULLABY FOR THE FALLING

ASLEEP OF THE BLESSED

VIRGIN MARY



*MARY sleeps—and as she sleeps the
angels sing:*

SLEEP, sleep, sweetly sleep,
Sweetly sleep, sleep, sleep,
You who rocked the cradle—so—
In the stable long ago.
Golden Rose of David's stem,
Sleep, and dream of Bethlehem;
Dream of herald angels singing,
Dream of Christmas bells a-ringing
In the steeples of the town,
Telling of the Christ come down
To a stable long ago;
Dream in harvest of the snow;
Dream His head is on your breast,
Then, smiling, sleep and take your rest—
Golden Rose of David's stem,
Sleep and dream of Bethlehem.

MARY *sleeps—and as she sleeps her
Son sings :*

Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep,
Sweetly sleep, sleep, sleep :
You rocked the cradle once for Me,
Mother of sweet liberty ;
And now I sing your lullaby,
While angels watch us from the sky,
And the August stars are bright
In the dark, hop-scented night.
Rest, darling mother, rest
With your head upon My breast,
For all the hundred happy hours
That My head has lain on yours.
Mother whose hair is grey with love,
 With memories of Calvary's day. . .
Darling, in the fields above
 The young angels wait to play,
And all the holy innocents,
 Who once laid down their lives for Me,
Will climb into your lap and lie
 Where once I lay so lovingly.
Rest, darling mother, rest
With your head upon My breast.

MARY *sleeps—and as she sleeps we
all sing :*

Sleep, sleep, mother, sleep,
Sweetly sleep, sleep, sleep ;

On His bosom lay your head,
While the angels watch your bed,
And the August stars are red—
 Little mother of joy divine,
 Little mother of purity,
 Sweet mother of eternity—
(You our mother and He our Brother) ;
So shall heaven's windows shine
With lights of home, burning softly down,
 On your children on their way
 To your door—until the day
When we reach our native town :
And our hands shall knock, and yours unlatch,
And we shall come home to you under the thatch —
To you our mother, to Him our Brother,
So shall we love you and Him and each other.
 Little mother of joy divine,
From your window in heaven look down,
And light the way to our native town.



